"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

PROTESTANISM is known in China as "Jesus doctrine." Roman Catholicism is called the "doctrine of the Lord of Heaven." The Lady of Heaven would have been more proper.

SIGNS of a hopeful conversion are now and then dwelt upon by preachers of the school of Revivalism. The servant girl who said she knew she had been converted, for she now swept under the mats, came very near in her humble way Emerson's signs of a higher life:—"Every man takes care that his neighbour shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbour. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun."

"I AM old enough now," says Dr. W. B. Carpenter, "to look back with some capacity of observation for forty years; and I can see in the progress of society a most marked evidence of the higher general intelligence, the greater aptitude for looking at things as they are, and for not allowing strange, absurd notions to take possession of the mind; while, again, I can trace even within the last ten years, in a most remarkable manner, the prevalence of a desire to do things right for the right's sake, and not merely because they are politic."

ONE of our ministers, who has been recently reading the poems of Victor Hugo, sends us the following anecdote about the father of this able writer:—On the evening of a day of hard fighting during the Spanish war, General Count Hugo, a French officer (father of the great writer of the same name), was riding over the battle-field, followed by a favourite hussar. He thought he heard a faint noise in the twilight, and going in the direction whence the sound came, saw a poor Spaniard lying half dead on the ground, panting and moaning, "Water! for pity's sake, water!" Count Hugo handed his flask of whisky to the hussar, saying, "Give the poor fellow a drink." Suddenly, while the soldier was bending over him, the Spaniard sprang up, seized his gun, and fired at the General. The ball knocked down his hat. "Never mind, give him a drink," said Count Hugo.

A WRITER in the *Rock* gives the following about the Wilberforce family:—I was much struck with a remark in the life of Dean Milner, of Carlisle, who had been recommended as travelling companion to the celebrated William Wilberforce. The grandfather of Wilberforce replied: "Billy shall travel with Milner as soon as he is of age; but if Billy turns Methodist, he shall not have a sixpence of mine." Alas! for the state of this once noted Evangelical family.

A NEEDED LESSON.—Despise not the aid or instruction of any class of men, was well put at the introductory lecture at the opening of the London Hospital Medical College, by W. Bathurst Woodman, assistant physician to the London Hospital, and physician to the North-Eastern Hospital for children. He said: Let me tell you, gentlemen, that you may learn much from the very worst physician or surgeon. His very errors may instruct you. There is no man, rich or poor, high or low, from whom you may not learn something. The rustic ploughman is often a well-read man in the Book of Nature. Great naturalists like Linnæus and Agassiz are never too proud to learn from a fisherman, a shepherd, or a trapper. They

"Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness. That he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which Wisdom holds
Unlawful ever."

A PREACHER recently said, with great truth, "If any society will take charge of all the cases of poverty brought on by intemperance, this church may take upon itself to relieve all the remaining paupers."

A RIVAL to Dr. Cumming has appeared in the person of a venerable gentleman at Beyrout, who fixes the duration of the Turkish Empire at four years. A Maronite from Beyrout says that the man's prophecies have had a wonderful effect upon the Mussulmans of Syria. He foretold the fall of Abdul Aziz several weeks previous to that event, and is sure that his words will prove equally true with regard to Murad.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, one of the great physicians of our country, in writing to a noble lady, gave the following frank advice: "Don't take your daily wine under any pretext of its doing you good. Take it frankly as a luxury—one which must be paid for; by some persons very lightly, by some at a high price, but always to be paid for. And mostly, some loss of health, or of mental power, or of calmness of temper, or of judgment, is the price."

WITHOUT venturing any opinion about the application of penal laws against vivisection, we thoroughly agree with all who are trying to put down cruelty to animals, and the following words of the Rev. Dr. Irvine commend themselves to both head and heart:—"The sin of cruelty to animals is aggravated by two circumstances. First, by the great obligation under which we lie to the dumb creation, which are our servants. We owe so much to the horse, the mule, the cow, the faithful watch-dog, that we ought to treat them kindly, nay gratefully. The want of these and other animals would be a felt calamity. But we ought to remember that the sin is aggravated by their *silence*. They are dumb. If you are ill-used, you can cry for aid, and secure it. If you are hungry, you can beg for bread, and get it; but the poor dumb beast cannot ask for food, nor appeal for protection to the officer of a law court. Hence the crime of the man who ill-uses his beast is aggravated by the meanest and most contemptible cowardice. If the bully or the blusterer in a fit of passion strikes his equal, he may receive a blow in turn, or he may be severely chastised for his fit of temper; or if his antagonist, through self-respect, only sees fit to administer a dignified rebuke, he still gets the worst of the encounter; but the ill-used beast cannot thus retaliate; therefore the cruel monster who mercilessly abuses the beast he rides or drives is the very meanest and most dastardly of all cowards."

ABOUT SHUTTING DOORS. — Boys and girls will always show to strangers whether they are well-bred and polite or not, by the manner in which they open and shut a door. If they open it in a hurry and in a rush, or if they neglect to shut it, or shut it carelessly, or with a slam, they show that they are not well-behaved or polite. You should always open and close doors gently and carefully. The proverb says, "Actions speak more loudly than words."

WATCHING AND PRAYING. — We have seen among the Sunday-schools of the colliery districts a superintendent, overpowered by the noise of some unruly boy, rise from his knees, take a cane, and flog the little fellow, then afterwards conclude his prayer. Dr. Chalmers also tells of a man whom he engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school who kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another he marched up the aisle still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

THE Rev. Dr. Caird a few days ago, while assisting at the opening of a new congregational chapel, spoke wisely and manfully about some of our differences on polity and doctrine. He said: "The natural result of experience and reflection on all candid natures is, I think, along with a growing love of truth, a growing tolerance of intellectual and formal diversities, and, if not an utter indifference to ecclesiastical distinctions, at least an incapacity of sympathising with the headstrong zeal of those who make so much of them. We can only be truly religious men by individual conviction; but whether we are Churchmen or Dissenters, members of this or the other ecclesiastical communion, is determined, I believe, very much by the accident of birth, and hereditary connection, or, at most, by a temper of mind which makes one kind of church institution or organisation more congenial to us than another. It was said, I think by Coleridge, that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Perhaps that affinity of nature to which he referred finds an even more marked illustration in matters of Church polity that in philosophical thought. It comes, I believe, very much to this—that there is no absolute or authoritative criterion of what is true or false, right or wrong, in such matters, but that, for each individual, is the best kind of church government by which he finds himself best able to serve God and do good to men."

DRIFTED ASHORE.

NIGHT with its thick darkness hung over the angry waters, which seemed even blacker than the brooding atmosphere. The boats along the shore were tossed about in frenzy, like the white foam which the waves tossed forth in grandest fury. The trees with their late November foliage shivered, writhed, and wrenched themselves in twain. The winds howled in their mad racing, screeched down the chimneys of the fishers' cottages, and drowned all other sounds but that of the surging ocean, which, with its unceasing, weary, death-fraught knell, seemed to spread desolation all around.

The fishermen, generally more silent than other men, were that night wrapt in deep quietness. They had seen, in the morning, a vessel off their coast, and they knew it must have encountered the storm. They feared for those on board, and in their hearts pity was enkindled for the sufferers. In each cottage of the little seaport, a lighted candle was placed in the window which looked towards the shore. The fishermen drew on their oil-clothing, protected their roughly-bearded faces, and then went in groups along the beach, while they spoke but rarely; but waited with manly courage for the wreck that must come.

Late at night the sound of a minute-gun cut through the confused roar of the elements; it was followed quickly by another, and still another short, sharp signal of distress. But no help could go to those from whence the sound came; the darkness would have prevented the fishermen rendering any service, even if they had ventured on the water with their skiff, frail as glass in such a surf.

On board the ship, not a mile from land, the men wrestled with the storm with all their strength, as long as mast or spar remained. Some laboured at the pumps till in their weariness they sank exhausted on the drifting wreck; and when the breakers came, they were swept overboard, while their companions were powerless to save them. Others lashed themselves to masts or to the ship's sides, which were groaning and straining themselves apart. Others yet were struck dead by falling masts or timbers. At length there came a fearful billow, the ship was crushed as if it were the merest toy;—man, board, rope, and sail lay wrangling on the seething waves. On the sides of one long board five men were clinging, clutching at it with so deathly a grasp that even their finger-nails were torn off. They clenched it with iron-like firmness; for it was their only, last hope of life. But even this strength must give way. Now filled with drowning agony, feeling his forces diminishing, all hope of life gone, sinking in the deepest depths of despair, the hold of one man relaxed, the hand and arm sank beneath the foaming wave, and a human life went down in the waters. Though grappling with death but for a few moments, in that short interval of time, a picture of his whole life passed before him; the old familiar faces crowded thickly in the scene; his joys, his sorrows, and his loves were all painted in living colours. Then, when the pain and agony had passed, the picture faded into a vision of angels, and, like a beautiful dream, Death drew near.

The fishermen on the shore, bound together with ropes by which they were drawn to land, would run into the surf, between its heavings, to rescue whatever drifted ashore. Now they would catch at a man's garment, at a barrel, at an arm or an oar; then they would be hauled in. But there came one burden heavier than the rest, which a fisherman grasped and drew to land, with the utmost exertion: yet, when out of the breakers' reach, his strength failed, and exhausted, he with the added weight fell on the moist sand. His companions pressing round soon revived him, however, and then turned to the burden which lay dripping on the beach. Horrible was its ghastliness! it looked like a mangled heap of flesh and bone. When they perceived it was the body of a man, and that his heart still beat, they aroused all their energy and strove to bring back his ebbing life. With much rolling and rubbing, resuscitation gradually commenced, and, when the sufferer breathed with some

regularity, they took him in their arms and proceeded to a hut near by.

Now as they bent over him they watched carefully all those agonising signs of life which a nearly drowned man shows on returning to consciousness. Soon they remarked the indefinable attraction which that face had for them. It was a countenance fully expressive of noble manhood, not handsome, even plain in outline, but interesting in every feature. His dark eyes looked the deepest sympathy; his low, broad forehead bespoke intelligence; his finely cut Grecian nose told of a noble origin; his lips, which a black moustache covered, indicated his sensitive heart, while they expressed firmness.

At break of day the wind had changed, the storm had abated, and bleak was the morning air. When the sunbeams pierced the cracks of the hut, it shone upon the fishermen who had remained with the sufferer, tending to his wants and bending over him, while his head lay pillowed in the lap of the maiden whom no storm could frighten, while she knew there were shipwrecked sufferers near her home.

Now the sufferer murmured something, but they could not understand, for he spoke in a foreign tongue. When he knew they could not comprehend his words, a tear rolled down his pallid cheeks; one fisherman, of rough exterior though tender in his heart, turned his back to his companions and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. The maiden was moved with the deepest pity, and without blushing, with no girlish follies, but with true, womanly instinct, she tenderly smoothed the stranger's temples, and let fall a tear upon his whitened brow. He felt the touch of that loving hand, and, as if new life had entered into his soul, aroused under its magnetic tenderness, he knew that one soul at least sympathised with him; and, when he saw it was a woman's face that bent nearest to him, when his eyes met the deep soul beauty which looked out of her eyes, he clasped the soft, delicate hand in his, and with mute tenderness pressed it to his lips. He realised that while he awoke to life, he awoke to a deep love, which though silent was yet deeper than spoken affection.

"Speech ripples over the surface of life,
But silence sinks into its depths."

As soon as the stranger was strong enough, he was removed to a neighbouring cottage where hospitality was abundantly offered him. But as he looked from one kind face to another, and his glance rested upon the beautiful maiden's face, who was an inmate of the same household, when he felt his inability to speak with them he grew sick with sadness, and remembrances of his past suffering added to his distress. One day the maiden brought to him the village schoolmaster, whom the fishermen considered as especially learned, since he spoke several languages—and he was, indeed, a veritable "Dominie Sampson." When the master saw the sufferer, he judged he was an Italian, and accordingly addressed him in that language. The stranger started for joy when he heard this familiar tongue; he grasped the master's hand in ecstacy, and told him that, though he was not an Italian, he understood that language. Now joy flowed into his heart, question upon question were put to the master which were happily answered. And so, the teacher acting as interpreter between the family and the shipwrecked man, a history of the sufferer's life, of his calamity, and the story of the fishermen were told.

The stranger was a native of Greece, whom the desire to study astronomy of a certain learned professor had allured to Italy. After remaining here for a long time, closely occupied with his studies, his health failing, he was advised to embark on an American-bound vessel. He had taken an interpreter with him on the voyage; but, when the ship was wrecked, death came to him. When he had told of his family, his circumstances and the like; when he had spoken of the fearful storm on the sea, and of his deliverance. his voice could find no words to thank his kind preservers, but he said, "Because God has kept my life while all the rest have gone down, so must I live to work out his noble purposes. Oh, that I could help you, my friends!" Then he asked about the maiden who stood near

him. She was a Jewess who, when a small child, had drifted ashore in a wild storm, in which many of the fishers, even, had perished. All that she remembered was that a great storm came upon the vessel in which she was sailing. Her father and mother tied a huge basket about her, they cried a great deal; there was a great crash, and a huge billow swept over the vessel; she could recall no more. The hurricane had happened many years before, yet on its anniversary, no matter whether the weather was foul or fair, she, from a little child, had passed the day in sorrow, wandering on the coast, looking seaward as if for some expected friends, though she knew they were lost to earth for ever. She had been adopted by this fisher's family; indeed, she was the pride of the village, its boasted beauty and its scholar. From some fancy of the village, she was called Rachel.

Not many weeks had passed before the stranger began to talk the fishers' language, which the master, with Rachel's assistance, was kindly teaching him. As the days went by, the Greek saw new and noble virtues in the Jewess. They were drawn together in sympathy of soul, of culture, and of sorrow. Their hours were full of quiet love, of mutual desires; and, at evening, when the stars came out, when Orion looked on in glistening majesty, or when the moon silvered their path, the stranger and the beautiful orphan would walk along the shore, listening to the wavelets' music, looking on the starlit heavens, or gazing at the queen of night, while he told her of the wonders of those brilliant constellations, or said that the same beautiful luminaries shone as sweetly on his tower in the loved Italian land. Would she go with him, and see them there? Thus in communion sweet, filled with holy joy, they joined soul with soul.

In the merry month of June, about the door of the village church, stood in groups, the men, women, and children, happy though tearful, looking towards the shore.

In the distance I saw him whom I had formerly known as the Stranger. He was gently leading into a light skiff the beautiful orphan, Rachel, who, since she had learned the Stranger's name, had loved to whisper Philip. They were a new husband and a new wife. In the bay lay a large vessel which was to carry them to Italy—*him* to his tower, and his noble purposes, to the fulfilment of his life's desires—her to the continuance of a love which heaven would not destroy, but which God would bless.

Annie H. Ryder.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHAT can a sister do for a brother? What may she be to him? What ought her influence over him to prove to his whole life? These are important questions for sisters to contemplate. The duties of brother and sister are reciprocal; he has rights and privileges, and so has she; and in every well-regulated home they have a broad ground of sympathies and tastes in common. But, besides, each has separate likings and interests, separate pursuits, and differing friendships; the element of sex gives to each a diverse world, while it insures to each, through their opposite qualities, the possibility of a strong, sweet, and never-wavering influence over the other.

If I were addressing myself to boys there are many things I might say to them; but this being solely to their sisters, I will adhere to my text. "Am I my brother's keeper?" says a thoughtful girl, looking up from her book and her cosy seat by the evening lamp, as the hall-door shuts upon her brother, and she hears his quick footsteps on the step and down the pavement. How they ring through the silent street! Mother with her knitting in her hand hears them too—when does she not hear her boy's step?—and a shade of uneasiness courses her placid face. Where does Ned spend his evenings? Nobody in the house really knows. They imagine that he goes here or there, but no one likes to ask him; and so long as he returns at a reasonably early hour the young man himself feels that nobody has the least

right to inquire. He would be likely to regard the most delicate inquiries as improperly trenching on his manly prerogative of independence.

It may easily be that the sister in Ned's case has done all she could do to make home attractive to her brother, nay, fascinating. There are brothers who will not be charmed, charm you never so wisely. But we may usually safely affirm that sisters have it in their power to keep brothers interested, happy, and even gallant in their company, especially while the brothers are on that enchanted ground of youth which is so bright, so flower-sweet, so glorious with pictured mirage and floating rainbow haze, and so cumbered and beset by snares for the unwary feet. A girl, if she set herself to the task with gentle persistence and womanly wisdom, can establish her sway over almost any boy for whom she cares enough to make the effort.

Really, though, to observe the mutual relations of many brothers and sisters, the dispassionate on-looker would conclude that their care for each other was of the coolest kind. A critic from another planet would not dream that there was any strong enduring love between these young people, who trample on each other's feelings, and bring each other's little faults and foibles into ridicule. Now a sister's love should lead her always to bear herself toward her brother with the same graceful and beautiful politeness and patience which come to her manner, without conscious effort, when the person with whom she is talking is not her brother, but her neighbour from over the way, or her friend the librarian of the Sunday-school. It should make it possible for her to identify herself with some of his chosen pursuits, though they may not be those which she likes best. It should make her strong enough to say No to him, when necessary.

A sister should have a high, and it is not too much to say, a severe standard of right. She ought never to tolerate, as many weakly do for the sake of peace, the expression of flippant or sneering opinions concerning the Bible, or religion, or the churches, in her presence. Honest doubt is something to be respected, and met with fair and honest weapons. On the other hand, that species of infidelity which aims at saying smart things, and at pelting with cheap witticisms those great principles for which men have died, and by which empires have been builded, should receive contempt and disapproval.

There is no argument so unanswerable as the argument of a sincere, spiritual, and truly conscientious life. Each girl who lives before her brother daily in a high-minded, unselfish way, sets before him a page whence the love of God shines into his soul with clearness and tender light. For her brother's sake every young woman should so live that her living would be a constant illustration of the power of divine grace.

Often and often, perhaps, when a young girl has entered upon the discharge of life's duties with a feeling of her dependence upon God, and a clinging trust in her Saviour, there are eyes watching her with absorbing interest. This sister is a Christian. Has she the secret? Is her life set free from the storm? is it lighted ever by the glory from on high? He watches and takes notes, and all unknowing herself, her quiet example may win him to the dear and loving Friend, or repel him, shut him into the outer darkness and cold.

When your brothers are still boys, little boys, I would beg you girls to treat them with courteous thoughtfulness. Then is your opportunity. It will never come again so generous with promise. Mend Jimmie's mittens; listen to his brave tales of exploit; let him bring his comrades into the parlour, and play for him the songs he likes, and the rattling polkas, though his tastes be less classic and refined than your own. Get a hold on Jimmie, and by and by he will be your best defender, your most attentive escort, your most unwearying friend. Knit his soul to yours. You will never be sorry. Love him not with the love that never asserts itself by kiss or token, or gift or caress, but love him with the enthusiasm which blesses what it touches and lifts it heavenward.

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," said he, sharply, to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

"When I was a boy," said a gentleman, "going down one of our dangerous rivers, I watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"'Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?' asked the boy.

"The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out, 'Rocks.'

"'Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood,' said the thoughtless boy; 'I would go right over them.'

"The old man replied only by a look, which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. 'Poor foolish lad,' it said, 'how little you know about rocks.'"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way of death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden, and whenever you meet one turn aside, for there lies a danger.

EASTERN TALES.

IN our proper indignation at the Turkish atrocities in the East, we must not overlook the fact that there has been much of a true and humane life, as well as of cruelty, among those Mahometan people. And much of the goodness we would daily praise springs from beautiful eastern tales. One of these we have before us, on Mahometan Restitution. It is as follows: — "Hakham, the son of Abdoulrahman III., wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase of a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it. However, she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, and Hakham's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn-Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous. Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and, taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the caliph. The prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Bechir, with his sack in his hand, advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakham showed some surprise at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done, the magistrate entreated the prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakham still more; but he only told the judge that it was too heavy—he could not bear it. 'Yet this sack,' replied Bechir with a noble assurance, 'this sack, which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How, then, will you be able at the day of judgment to support the weight of the whole?' The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakham without delay restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor."

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In drawing to the close of 1876 we cannot record any great moral and social progress. Progress there has been, and we trust ever will be. We have to extend our view beyond a mere year, to be able to present the successes of the scientific and the philanthropic. It was the saying of one of our most distinguished authors that ever since he was born he had been hearing of the decline of all that was good, but at the same time the witness of the progress of improvement on every side. Casting, therefore, a glance at what was with what is, and allowing that glance to extend beyond twelve months, we may quote the words of *Samuel Smiles*:—

"What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago. Certainly there is a very great contrast. England was not a manufacturing country a hundred years ago. We imported nearly everything, except corn, wool, and flax. We imported the greatest part of our iron from Spain, Sweden, Germany and Russia. We imported our pottery from Holland, our hats from Flanders, our silk from France, our cloths and carpets from Belgium. Our cotton manufactures, our woollen and flax manufactures, our machine manufactures, could scarcely be said to exist. Coal could scarcely be had, for the coal-pits could not be kept clear of water.

"A hundred years ago we could not build a steam engine; we could scarcely build a bridge. Look at the churches built a hundred years ago, and behold the condition of our architecture. A hundred years ago we had fallen to almost the lowest condition as a nation. We had not a harbour; we had not a dock. The most extensive system of robbery prevailed on the river Thames. The roads, such as they were, swarmed with highwaymen; and black mail was levied by the Highlanders upon the Lowland farmers down to the middle of last century.

"A hundred years ago our ships were rotten. They were manned by prisoners taken from the hulks, or by workmen pressed in the streets in open day. When James Watt was learning his trade of an instrument-maker in London, a hundred years ago, he durst scarcely walk abroad lest he should be seized and sent to India or the American plantations. Less than a hundred years ago the colliers and salters of Scotland were slaves. It is not forty years since women and children worked in coal pits. Surely we are not to go down upon our knees and pray for a restoration of the horrible things that existed a hundred years ago.

"A hundred years ago Ireland was treated like a slave country, and hangings and shootings of rebels were frequent. The fleet at the Nore mutinied, and the mutiny was put down by bloodshed and executions. Towns and cities swarmed with ruffians, and brutal sports and brutal language existed to a frightful degree. Criminals were hanged, five or six together at Tyburn. Gibbets existed at all the crossroads throughout the country. The people were grossly ignorant, and altogether neglected. Scepticism and irreligion prevailed, until Wesley and Whitfield sprung up to protest against formalism and atheism. They were pelted with rotten eggs, sticks, and stones. A Methodist minister was whipped out of Gloucester.

"A hundred years ago literature was at a very low ebb. The press was in a miserable state. William Whitehead was poet laureate! Who knows of him now? Gibbon had not written his "Decline and Fall." Junius was the popular writer; political corruption was manifest in his letters. The upper classes were coarse, drunken, and ill-mannered. Bribery and corruption on the grossest scale were the principal means for getting into Parliament. Mr. Dowdeswell, M.P. for Worcestershire, said to the Commons, 'You have turned out a member for impiety and obscenity. What half-dozen members of this House ever meet over a convivial bottle, that their discourse is entirely free from obscenity, impiety, or abuse of Government?'

"Though drunkenness is bad enough now, it was infinitely worse a hundred years ago. The publicans' signboards

announced, 'You may here get drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing.' Drunkenness was considered a manly vice. To drink deep was the fashion of the day. Six bottle men were common.

"What were the popular amusements of the people a hundred years ago? They consisted principally of man-fighting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, the pillory, public whipping, and public executions. Mr. Wyndham vindicated the ruffianism of the ring in his place in Parliament, and held it up as a school in which Englishmen learned pluck and 'the manly art of self-defence.' Bull-baiting was perhaps more brutal than prize-fighting, though Wyndham defended it as 'calculated to stimulate the noble courage of Englishmen.' The bull was secured to a stake in the market-place or the bull-ring (the name still survives in many towns), and there the animal was baited by the rabble dogs of the neighbourhood. One can scarcely imagine the savageness of the sport—the animal mutilations, the imprecations of ruffians worse than brutes, the ferociousness and drunkenness, the blasphemy and unspeakable horrors of the exhibition. The public mind of this day actually revolts at such brutality. Yet less than a hundred years ago—on the 24th of May, 1802—a bill for the abolition of bull-baiting was lost to the House of Commons by sixty-four to fifty-one, Mr. Wyndham contending that horse-racing and hunting were more cruel than bull-baiting or prize-fighting!

"The pillory was one of our time-honoured institutions fifty years ago, and men and women used to be placed there for offences such as a wise Legislature would have endeavoured to conceal from public consideration. The horrid scenes which then took place, when men, women, and children, collected in crowds to pelt the offenders with missiles, were so disgusting that they cannot be described. Not more seemly were the public whippings then administered to women in common with the coarsest male offenders. The public abominations and obscenities of the 'good old times' would almost have disgraced the days of Nero.

"But bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other ferocious amusements have now departed. Even the village stocks have rotted out. Drunkenness has become disreputable. The 'good old times' have departed, we hope never to return. The labourer has now other resources besides the public-house. There are exhibitions and people's parks, steamboats and railways, reading-rooms and coffee-rooms, museums, gardens, and cheap concerts. In place of the disgusting old amusements, there have come a healthier, sounder life, greater enlightenment, more general sobriety, and humaner spirit. We have in a hundred years outgrown many of our savage tendencies. We are not less brave as a people, though less brutal. We are quite as manly, though much less gross. Manners are more refined, though as a people we have not lost our pluck, energy, and endurance. We respect ourselves more, and as a nation we have become more respected. We now think with shame of the manners of a hundred years ago."

GENTLENESS OF CHARACTER.

One of the early Christian teachers, who was born with violent temper, became a model of gentleness.

On one occasion he was assailed with a torrent of most furious words. The good teacher looked at the passionate man who thus addressed him with a tranquil eye, and did not reply by a single word. The furious man, enraged, spoke more bitterly than before. The Christian man preserved his patience.

When the fellow had at last retired, the Christian was asked how he could keep silence under such provocation. He replied:

"My tongue and I have made a compact, and we have agreed that while my heart is full of hot feeling, my tongue shall not say a word. Could I teach this poor ignorant man better how to govern and restrain himself than by holding my tongue; and would his rage have been sooner appeased had I not kept quiet? Ought we not to have compassion on an unfortunate person who is carried away by his passion?"

THE RAINBOW IN THE CLOUD.

[Suggested by a Sermon.]

"Behold the rainbow in the sky," God's
ancient pledge to Noah,
And learn from nature's book divine a
truth which may be yours and mine,
A world abiding law!
Observe the colours blended there in har-
mony so grand!
While tempest-laden clouds do form the
back ground, and the passing storm,
'Tis God's Almighty hand.

"No bow without a cloud is known," no
promise but to ye
Who need the illuminating rays to lighten
up your gloomy days
And set your spirits free.
For where the sky is clear and bright, no
bow is ever seen,
And life is but a counterpart, no promise
needs the holy heart,
For all is there serene.

"The bow illuminates the cloud," where
all was dark and drear,
And while it makes the darkness bright,
the darkness makes the bow more bright,
The darker the more clear.
What comfort to the gloomy soul to know
a God so good,
Of whose pure wisdom, perfect love, the
world declares, and the heaven above
A witness ever stood.

"There are no clouds but from the earth,"
they come not from the sun,
They come not from infinite space, but born
of earth, they veil her face,
As on her course she runs.
Lo, 'tis with man, beclouded man, the veil
by self is wove;
It may be sin or selfish pride, or narrow-
ness of soul beside,
Or lack of Christian love.

"From every quarter come these clouds,"
and take us by surprise!
A storm may spread from shore to shore,
where all was bright an hour before,
So suddenly they rise.
How oft a cloud o'erspreads our soul, and
turns our joy to gloom!
It may be grief with showers of tears, it
may be anger's storm which tears
The calm we would assume.

"In shade and shape clouds vary much,"
from black to fleecy white,
Some round the horizon expand, some
scarce the size of mortal hand,
Yet all impede the light.
Yea, there are clouds so dense, so great,
o'ershadowing many a heart;
While many a fretful, peevish soul his self-
made clouds delights to roll,
And gloominess impart.

"But clouds are only clouds;" what joy to
know they cannot last!
Unlike the trees and mountains here, we
cannot well make disappear,
Deep rooted, firm and fast.
And life is not all clouds and gloom, there's
many a sunny ray,
And many a blue serene of calm, wherein
we list to nature's psalm,
And all is bright and gay.

"And clouds are necessary," too, to
beautify the earth,
What would the world be without rain?
'Twould ne'er produce the wholesome
Or give the flowers their birth. [grain,
Ah, it was meant by Him who gave us
thoughts and tears to shed,
Who gave us loving, feeling hearts, that we
should ever act our parts,
'Mong the living and the dead.

"When clouds are looked at from below,
they always darkest seem,"
But see them from the mountain height,
and lo! they all appear so white!
Our fear was but a dream.
But those who cannot scale the peak must
rest below and trust,
Although the darkest side they see, if they
would be from anguish free,
Accept the truth they must.

"The cloud of guilt will darken life," for
it is black indeed,
The sinner trembles 'neath its gloom, and
dreads to meet the eternal doom,
For those of guilty deed.
But there's a bow across the cloud, a pro-
mise all may know,
Be all your sins of crimson stain, they can
by God be made again
As white as wool or snow.

"Lost peace is, too, a dreary cloud," it comes
to each and all,
None are so godly but they know such
seasons here of gloom below,
For nature's prone to fall.
But there's a bow here even seen, and he
who runs may read
The peace of God within the soul which
passes understanding all;
Yea, this is peace indeed.

"A cloud of difficulty" comes oft born of
want of will,
Though many a will has baffled been by all
the difficulty seen,
The steep ascent of hill.
But still this cloud a rainbow has, a
promise clear and bright.
Oh, pilgrims, look you up and see, just as
thy day is, so shall be
Thy ever-needed might.
When "sorrow's cloud" your heavens o'er-
spread, and you your frailty see,
When hope has very nearly fled, or grim
despair has bowed your head,
Don't go too mournfully.

Look up! the rainbow may be seen, for
Christ the promise knew,
Your Father minds the grass you tread,
and the sparrows flitting o'er your head:
More value still are you.

"Bereavement's cloud" must surely come
to man in mortal state,
It is God's purpose we should die to share
in an eternity,
'Tis our determined fate.
True, we must mourn departed friends,
their absence is a grief,
But then the flower is merely gone to
bloom where none can ever mourn,
Where joys are never brief.

"Perplexion's cloud" is none less dense,
but then it often brings
Experience to an earnest mind, for those
who seek may often find
Bright visions 'neath its wings.
The loss of Joseph, Jacob mourned; but
then that loss was gain,
When he beheld his son a prince, a peasant he had lost long since,
Could he from joy refrain?

"These bows of promise ne'er are seen by
any downcast eye,"
Look upward, let their glory fall upon your
faces, great and small,
Don't live to mourn and sigh.
Like Bunyan's muck-rake-man, don't live
so near the starry crown,
And miss the purpose of your life while
raking up the sticks of strife,
And all for looking down.

Behold the rainbow in the sky, God's
ancient pledge to Noah,
And see in it God's work divine, a corresponding life with thine,
And make your calling sure.
"The cloudy darkness points to one who
hung on Calvary,"
Whose hands and feet were pierced with
nails, whose cries and tears, whose
groans and wails,
Were all to make you free.

Chelmsford. JAMES SHEPHERD.

THE act of imagination is ever attended by pure delight. It infuses a certain volatility and intoxication into all nature. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frames in a dance. Our indeterminate size is a delicious secret which it reveals to us.

WE must learn the homely laws of fire and water; we must feed, wash, plant, build. These are the ends of necessity, and first in the order of nature. Poverty, frost, famine, disease, debt, are the beadles and guardsmen that hold us to common sense.

PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS.

THE tables are turned. Animals at one time here, and on the Continent, were tried for injuries done to men and things; and now men are very properly tried before our courts of law for injuries done to animals. This sentiment of a greater humanity, and tenderness towards all God's creatures, is an indication of the progress of the Gospel of Love, in which we are interested. Some years ago we called attention to a few facts in our English history, in which animals had been cited to appear before our courts of law. Hermann Meir, a German, has done this more completely, and we are beholden to a translation of this work by Miss J. Sprague, only a few paragraphs of which we can place before our readers.

He says:—"During the Middle Ages brute creatures were often treated as malefactors, as offenders against the common law. A narrative of such an occurrence induced the renowned French historian, Du Thou, to examine thoroughly into the existence and character of such phenomena. In the history of his times, speaking of the year 1550, he recounts the extremely harsh sentence which the parliament of Provence pronounced upon all persons infected with the new religious heresy just wafted over from Germany. This was the reform movement started by Luther. There was some hesitation in carrying out this sentence. To be sure the bishops of Aix and of Arles most vehemently urged the chairman of the parliament, the renowned Chasseneux, to chastise the heretics with fire and sword, for which purpose they offered him the money of the Church to sustain him. But more powerfully than their desire, was the effect of an argument upon the chairman, which concerned the man himself. An honest, well-informed friend recalled to his mind what had once happened in Autun in his younger days. The farm-products had suffered fearfully from the mice. At last the bishop was appealed to; he was quite ready to assist. Three times he had the mice legally summoned. But when, as was to be expected, they did not appear before the spiritual tribunal, he resolved,

by virtue of his office, to appoint for them counsel who should represent the business of the absentees. His choice fell on Chasseneux, who with zeal, undertook this difficult task. He proved at once that the summons was insufficient; the interests of the mice were here involved, consequently the summons must be given in every parish. He demanded that this should now be done, and his demand was obeyed. But the advocate was not yet satisfied. The term allowed for their appearance had been made too short in the summons. 'It was not possible that the mice could have appeared,' he said, 'and so much the less, since the cats in all the villages were lying in wait for them.'

"This remarkable story is supported through another account, according to which in the year 1585 the caterpillars in Valence had increased in great numbers, and done so much mischief, that the people began to believe in the return of the Egyptian plague of locusts. The grand vicar summoned the animals before his tribunal, and gave them counsel for defence. The matter was discussed on both sides, and the caterpillars were condemned to leave the country.

"We have thus two witnesses independent of each other, who testify to the existence of lawsuits against animals. It is unquestionably established that from the eleventh to the eighteenth century a great many lawsuits against animals were carried on. Animals were treated like human beings, like common offenders, when they had caused any damage. It lay in the nature of the affair that they could not always be brought before the judge. If it was only a single beast that was concerned, of whom possession could be had, he was brought before the common judge. On the other hand—and this was especially the case in the products of the field—if the injuries had been caused by a large number of animals, mice, caterpillars, snails, &c., it was impossible to pursue this course. Also the execution of the usual sentence was here not to be thought of. A hog, a steer, a hen could be hung; but on whole flocks or herds of animals no such corporal punishment could be administered. In 1457 a sow with her six young pigs, was accused of 'murderous assault' on a five-year old child in Savigny. The judge, after examining the witnesses and the owner, and advising with his brothers on the bench, declared, 'in the sight of God' the animal guilty, and condemned her to death, because caught in the very act.

"The execution of a sentence was public. Sometimes the animal was dressed in men's clothes, but generally was unclothed, and bound with a rope. The executioner, who conducted the animal, drew on with great formality a glove, or a pair of gloves, probably in order not to defile himself by contact with a beast. In the bills we find charged the cost of the gloves, as well as of the cart on which the victim was brought to the place of execution.

"Even cocks were condemned to death, and burned by the hangman if they—as the superstition of the middle ages imagined—had laid an egg. In such a cock's egg was enclosed, so was believed, a snake; that is, an organ of the devil.

"Higher favour than other animals, did the ass or donkey enjoy. According to the Sardinian law of 1395, death was the punishment of an ox or a horse for depredation. A donkey fared better. For the first offence, he lost one ear; for the second, the other; was he caught the third time, he became the property of the prince.

"No wonder that such absurd procedures found opposition also. A renowned jurist of the thirteenth century took the field earnestly against the admission that animals which could not distinguish between good and evil could be brought before a tribunal. And at the end of the sixteenth century a treatise was published in Antwerp, disputing all processes against irrational animals, whose actions we could not speak of as 'misdeeds,' and declaring such customs to be 'ridiculous, incongruous, cruel, and barbarous.'

"We come now to lawsuits conducted before spiritual judges against companies of animals, and which ended in the solemn pronouncing of Church excommunication. We find these taking

place even in Canada and Brazil. Against all kinds of animals the excommunication was pronounced; against caterpillars, worms, locusts, chafers, and snails. A bishop of Lausanne pronounced it against leeches, which especially disturbed the river Salme. A priest placed under the ban the eels in Lake Geneva, with such happy success that no more are now found there. In the princedom of Mainz, horse-flies were placed under the ban. In 1128, St. Bernard uttered it against flies, which tormented his believing hearers.

"Before the suit commenced, not seldom were attempts made for conciliation, which of course were wholly fruitless. Also before taking sterner measures, public prayers and solemn processions were tried, for the removal of the evil, on which occasion the clerical judge did not neglect to remind the people that an honest payment of tithes would drive away many insects. 'These preliminary efforts are necessary,' said the judge in the case at St. Julien, 'because we are not allowed to proceed too hastily against the worms.' But the counsel for the insects was not at a loss for an answer. We will introduce him here speaking. 'Appointed by you, to conduct the defence of these poor little animals, I must at once draw your attention to the point that the whole procedure is unfitting, because they are animals. A being which possesses no reason, and has no free-will, cannot commit a misdeed, and therefore ought not, as a misdoer, to be summoned before a judge.

"'Finally there is yet another argument which entirely acquits my clients. They have not only made use of their rights, they are instruments in God's hand, to chastise men for their sins. Therefore who condemns them, rebels against God, who makes use of them for our discipline. From all these grounds I move that these insects, whom I defend, be declared not guilty.'

"Even though such a warm defence was often not wholly fruitless, yet the matter was not therewith at an end. There followed counterplea and rejoinder. The complainants also proved their rights from the Bible; God had given to the beasts only the green herbage of the earth; he had given to man the rule over all animals; this too had Noah repeated; 'the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.' From this they argued that everything had been created for man alone. They also maintained that the power of the Church to pronounce excommunication is unlimited; that irrational animals had been often placed under the ban by holy men, and that animals, as the creation of God, were evidently subject to the canonical law.

"But whatever was said for and against animals, the end of the matter was already determined from the first, and in so far, may the defence rightfully be called only a form. Next the procurator of the bishop began his address against the accused. He acknowledged that perhaps the insects were sent by God for our punishment; but by the side of God's justice, stood his love, which sends punishment only for the purpose of inducing repentance, that he may then bestow his forgiveness.

"'Well, then,' said he to the judge in closing, 'we see these our fellow-citizens with tears in their eyes, pleading with deeply moved hearts for forgiveness of their sins, imploring now the help of the Church to remove the sword which hangs over their heads, since a fearful famine threatens them. Therefore I move you, that these animals be warned to cease from their devastations, and that at the same time the usual prayers and penances be imposed upon the citizens.'

"The judge listened to this cry of distress, and decreed, of course in Latin language, as follows:

"'In the name and by the power of God, the Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the blessed mother of our Lord, Mary, and by the command of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and making use of the power which this

community bestows upon us, we hereby warn these insects in this written document, under penalty of ban and curse, to leave this country within a certain time [the term is very different in the various judgments], and no longer to commit depredations here. Should they not obey, we then pronounce them accursed, and place them under the ban; whereby, however, we prescribe to the above-mentioned citizens, that they, in order to be freed by the Almighty from this plague, shall be most zealous in all good works, and in humble supplications; shall refrain from all blasphemies, and all other sins, especially public ones; and also shall be punctual in the payment of their tithes without abatement. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.'

"This was the common course in these remarkable law-processes. The special circumstances, and the nature of the animals concerned, must often, especially in the defences, have required peculiar variations and attributes. Thus we find at the beginning of the last century that a suit was conducted by a Franciscan monk against ants that had undermined a cloister dedicated to St. Antony, and robbed it of its corn. That the accused here were ants gave the complainants occasion to remark that the ants were animals whose tendencies were in direct opposition to the gospel, and that therefore they had been cursed even by St. Francis.

"We would mention here a work upon the Excommunication of Insects, by the already mentioned Chasseneux, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Out of sixty-nine judicial reports of cases which we possess of his, this is the first and the greatest. After long turning and twisting, he concedes the right of summoning and excommunicating insects.

"'Why should man, who has the right to combat injurious insects, leave unused the most powerful means which stand at his command? Nothing equals the effect of the anathema of the Church. The confidence in its power rests upon the firm ground of experience, and we should be opposing religion itself, if we allowed that such belief among the peasants in any measure should be undermined. Also the animals are subjected to the canonical law. May it be true that the excommunicating of irrational beings is forbidden? in the above cases it is nevertheless to be applied. We ought not to look on quietly, while they rob the inhabitants of that wine which as David says, 'maketh glad the heart of God and man, and which is so highly prized by the Church, that it is forbidden to admit any one to the priestly ranks if he is not a lover of wine.'

"With such and similar arguments could a distinguished jurist in the century of the great Reformation argue publicly in favour of processes against insects. But with this, the abundance of his proofs is not yet exhausted. A priest cursed a vineyard because during the mass the boys ran out of the church to eat the grapes. Immediately after the anathema, the vineyard ceased to bear fruit. Not until a later time did it become fruitful again, when the mother of the Duke of Burgundy bought it, and by her desire the church-ban was removed. Not less important is the example of the Count of Toulouse, the reprobate friend of the heretics. Even with his party placed under the ban, he feared it not. Then a holy abbot, who was sent to him to convert him, pronounced the anathema against his white bread, saying, 'O bread, although thou dost not deserve it, I yet excommunicate thee, in order that the truth of our faith be displayed to him who fears not excommunication.' Immediately the bread became black as pitch, and absolution only could make it white again. In truth a powerful proof of the effect of the church-ban; 'If it had such power against white bread which had not deserved it, what power must it have against insects who through their depredations have well deserved it.'

"Only to the tenacity of superstition is it to be ascribed that such law-questions could still exist in the last century. We have advanced somewhat farther; but how far? As we have said before, scarcely a generation ago, a learned man, secretary of a royal academy, ventured to defend such processes so degrading to our age. With

zeal he disputes the question with those who would not have animals brought before legal tribunals because they do not comprehend the signification of the same. He finds in this custom a deep sense and great use. It is to him a symbol intended to awaken the feeling for justice in a population which recognised only the right of the stronger. He finds even something beautiful and grand in the thought which places the insect on an equality with man, the crown of creation, and speaks of the precious seeds of education which thereby are strewn in the minds of men. In this manner his panegyric continues and closes with an enthusiastic hymn on the spirituality of the Middle Ages, which according to him said to the insignificant insect, 'Thou art a creation of God; I attest to thee my veneration. The earth is given to thee as well as to me; I must desire that thou shouldst live. But thou dost injury to me; thou breakest into my inheritance; thou ruinest my vineyards; thou devourest my harvests; thou robbest me of the fruits of my labour. Perhaps I have deserved this, for I am nothing but a miserable sinner. But however that may be, the right of the stronger is an injustice; I will appeal to God's mercy; I will direct thee to a place where thou canst find an existence; then art thou obligated to remove thyself, and if thou then dost not retire, I pronounce thee accursed.'"

A few days ago a contemporary reported that one of our Church dignitaries recently at sea in a storm, said to the Captain, was there much danger. The Captain replied if the wind did not ease, before night they would all be in heaven. Our ecclesiastic at once exclaimed, "he hoped not." This story somewhat contrasts with that of the little boy, who was playing railroad with his sister, drawing her about and acting as both engine and conductor. Puffing at times as an engine, calling out at other times the names of different towns, and when his town knowledge was exhausted, he called out "Heaven." His little sister said stop, I will get out here; and so it comes to pass as in days of old, the mind of the little child is better prepared to step into Heaven than the aged bishop.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Hour after hour, day after day,
Another year has passed away,
  Mingling with thousands gone before!
Where are its blissful moments? where
Its milder joy—its dark despair?
All vanished into empty air!
  A dream, a thought, a breath, no more!
Where is its Spring? She came, she passed;
Her flower upon the earth she cast,
  And left to summer's fostering ray.
Where's summer? With her light and heat
She scattered round her perfume sweet,
Then, with her gem-bespangled feet,
  She, too, inconstant, stole away!
Then Autumn came: the valleys smil'd;
All hail'd the goddess "Plenty's Child,"
  And pressed her fondly to remain;
She stain'd the groves with countless dies,
Then bore away her annual prize,
Bade Nature echo back her sighs,
  And left the world to Winter's reign!
While tempests veil his awful brow,
The tyrant holds dominion now,
  And broods upon the dreary earth!—
Thus closes each successive year:
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all appear,
Then Winter wings his bold career,
  Till Nature wakes again to birth.
And is not such the eventful scene
Of life, when tempests intervene,
  And mar our prospects of delight?
And is not Spring-time with its flowers
Our *youth*? our *manhood* Summer's hours?
Winter our *age*, whose wasting powers
  Warn us of Death's approaching night?
Yes; and the terrors of the tomb
Are they not like the Winter's gloom,
  As brief, as transient, as confin'd?
Will not the immortal soul survive?
Will not the Eternal Spring arrive?
Will Death's dark storm for ever drive?
  Death's shackles always clog the mind?
No; God hath spoken:—man shall sleep;
His slumbers shall be dark and deep:—
  But light upon his eyes shall beam
Again, in an eternal sphere,
Where winter shall not close the year,
But life a living fount appear,
  And flow in a perpetual stream.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
  Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
  Like angels on the wind?

Each, turning round, a small, sweet face
  As beautiful as near,
Because it is so small a face
  We will not see it clear.

And so it turns from us, and goes
  Away in sad disdain;
Though we could give our lives for it,
  It never comes again.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

LOSSES.—Losses may be about the most profitable outlays you ever had if you take into account what they sometimes save you afterwards.

A WISE RESOLVE. — A little girl who was disappointed because her name could not be found in the Bible says: "Never mind. I will be such a good girl that if ever another Bible be written, my name shall go into that."

A HAPPY RETORT.— A gentleman, while making a speech, inadvertently stepped forward and off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right "to come down to the level of his audience."

CAUGHT. — A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land on which was written: "I will give this field to anyone who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

DR. TEMPLE AND THE SAILOR. — On a very late occasion the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple) was present at the opening of an additional room to the Mission School-house at Brixham. The bishop took no part in the service; he seated himself among the congregation quite at the lower end of the building. Dr. Temple admits that he has no knowledge of music; but still, on this occasion, he tried to do his best, so he joined in the singing. Suddenly he felt the elbow of a neighbour run unpleasantly hard into his ribs. Looking round to see from what quarter the assault came, he noticed a sailor, who exclaimed, "I say, guv'nor, you're singing out of tune!"

SAE TIRED!—Even a Scotch Presbyterian has been known to illustrate the national proverb that "Mony ane will gang a mile tae hear a sang, that winna gang a foot to hear a sermon." Both a service of preaching, and a service of song, or concert, were to take place on the same evening. Between a douce old Scotchman and a gude woman who was on her rounds as a Scripture reader, this dialogue is reported: "Now David," queried the woman, "are ye comin' up tae the meetin' this week?" "Oh, ay!" exclaimed the canny Scot, "I maun come tae the meetin', for I ken some o' the folk that's gaun tae sing." "Tut!" exclaimed his interrogator, "it's no the concert, it's the ither meetin' I mean." "Oh!" sighed the devout Scot, "I dinna think that I can come; for ye see I am sae tired at nicht that I can hardly stir aff my chair."

REMEMBER.—Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it.

MOTHER.—"Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?" Charlotte: "O, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not."

A SECOND ADAM.—The late Rev. Dr. Muir, of Glasgow, was for some years minister of the beautiful parish of Lecropt, in Perthshire. He had returned to that parish to assist his successor, on one of the days of worship, at the communion season. In his morning walk he met with a shrewd old woman with whom he had been in the habit of conversing familiarly. "What a lovely view, Kate," said the doctor, pointing to the Carse of Stirling; "I can fancy this is just like Paradise." "Ou ay, sir," responded Kate, "but wae's me, for I aye fancy you're like Adam; ye war in Paradise, but ye wadna bide."

A LOVE STORY. — A capital little love story is told of the Emperor of Germany. Prince William, when a youth of nineteen, entered France with the invaders. At Dizier he lodged in the house of a well-to-do citizen, and fell in love with his pretty daughter, named Angelique. When leaving, he wrote on a window-pane with his diamond ring, "I love thee. William." More than half a century had rolled away, when, in 1870, the Prussian guards rode into Dizier. Angelique, a stout matron now, received certain officers into her house, to whom she showed the pane of glass. King William, hearing of this, went straight to the house, and presented himself before his old sweetheart. "Angelique," he exclaimed, "who could have dreamed you would kiss and tell?" The matron, in confusion, began to excuse herself, whereupon the King caught both her hands and kissed them, laughing, "Ah, well, my soldiers know that boys will be boys; and, Angelique, I have never forgotten you."

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